LORNA from CIGARETTES AND CHOCOLATE by Anthony Minghella

Character’s age: 20’s

look at that cat!
the two of you
big cat, little cat.
purring, curled up,
it’s quite unnerving, ha!
she’ll never sit on my lap, will she?
I’ve got an incapacity to love, Gemma,
that’s the
that’s the
I think that’s the

my ma was wearing one of my dresses
did you know that?
when she killed herself
at least she didn’t leave a note
it was a summer dress and it didn’t fit

it’s very hard to think your way out of
something like that
to be honest

at least she finally managed to do it
she was the Sylvia Plath of South Hampstead,
my ma,
one year in ten
that’s where the limp came from
known as the riding accident limp
known as the falling off the horse limp
was in fact the
throwing herself from the high building limp

she, this was when I was eleven,
she booked a room in a five-storey hotel
that was her joke when she told this nasty little tale
I booked into a five-storey hotel in Eastbourne,
and she
do you know I think that was the most heart breaking thing to think that she would have been the most beautiful woman, her face was so, I can remember before this happened, or I think I can, but she was so twisted and, her spine was, well you know that sort of hunch and she had to teach herself to walk again, and what was so pathetic which is a feature of our lives, of our deaths, isn’t it? of our gestures, our grand gestures, is that they are so human, and so trite.
She couldn’t find a clear space to jump from, she got this top room with a balcony, but the angle or something, there were balconies and ledges and she had to do some sort of impossible clamber to get into a position where she could hit the ground and then she couldn’t do it, she said she hung by her hands for I don’t know, she said an hour

and then she let go

I think she was just tired, and of course she hit everything on the way down apparently she didn’t lose consciousness and this chap came to her, he was one of the kitchen staff, she fell outside the kitchens, that was her favourite part of the story I don’t know why this chap came rushing up and he asked her her name

and she told him a lie she’d just jumped from this building, she’d broken her back, her legs, her arms, her skull, and she told him a lie she said her name was Angela Carpenter which was the name of a girl she’d sat next to at school

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